

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



CLARA'S TETE-A-TETE WITH DR. VALETTE.

LAURA LOFT.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

CHAPTER XXII.—A BREACH IN MR PECKCHAFF'S DEFENCE.

THE reader cannot be everywhere at once, so we must take him from place to place, as seems expedient. We go now to the Golden Horseshoe, where the doctor was busy pouring out coffee, when the waiter reappeared, ushering in No. 11.

The doctor set down the coffee-pot and bowed pro-

foundly; he begged the lady to accept his thanks for accepting his unceremonious invitation, and his apologies for having kept her waiting.

"The whole burden of blame lies on your admirable sex, madam," he said; "your wrongs and your rights have so completely engrossed my time and mind for the last two hours that I have not been myself, as this fair patient will testify."

As he spoke, he turned to Laura, who was deadly pale, and betrayed a return of fainting symptoms.

No. 1142.—NOVEMBER 15, 1873.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

"What! want another pinch?" he cried, surprised, and going towards her, but she waved him off, and rose to meet Clara, who was looking at her with amazement.

The meeting was cordial; Clara was touched at Laura's delicate appearance, and Laura was overcome by a tenderness she had never witnessed in Clara during the days of their acquaintance. Mr. Peckchaff instantly divined that she had met with one of the companions of her recent adventures, and the doctor, who saw it was an unexpected reunion between friends, exclaimed musingly, "Twenty-four thousand miles in circumference, but, notwithstanding, a very small world, always turning up old material wherever you go! I should not wonder, madam, if it came out that you and I are intimate, with one or two removes!"

Clara, to whom this was addressed, caught at it and said, "I am, indeed, a very intimate friend of a very intimate friend of yours, and am come to see you on his business."

"Sickness?" asked the doctor, seriously.

"No—that is, not of body," she replied.

"Soap?" he asked, again.

Clara, after a moment's thought, divined his meaning, and said, "Your nephew, Sir Antony."

"Let us have some coffee," said the doctor, handing a cup to Laura, who, exhausted by this last shock to her nerves, was sitting on the sofa, Clara standing by her.

"Coffee, madam! coffee!" he continued, pointing to the table; "I invited you to a feast, and we will enjoy it, and that over, our conference shall come off. I dare say I could tell you all you have to say before you begin."

So far Clara felt encouraged. The doctor showed no displeasure at a mission whose purpose he evidently perfectly understood. She fell in at once with his humour, and a conversation was started immediately, and kept up with equal animation by all but Laura on the subject of the meeting, the speech of the "Queen of Sheba" being eloquently dwelt on by the doctor. Mr. Peckchaff declared that the said "queen" had, in his judgment, overshot the mark, and that the schoolmistresses described by her as needed for the right training of girls could not be hoped for among any but converted, heavenly-minded women; "When women of this sort are found sufficient to educate all the young of our generation, I shall believe the millennium has begun!" he said.

"Oh, that it were!" exclaimed the doctor, seriously; "but as there is no appearance of it, the best we can do is to promote its coming by preparing for it; therefore, I say, let women such as the 'queen' described be sought for, and to them, as many as can be found, be committed the children of the age."

"There is another difficulty, doctor," said Mr. Peckchaff. "You are a wise man, and you must know that the world loves its own, and that it is only a small part of it that would commit their children to minds of such a character to receive training."

"What, then?" cried the doctor, lifting up his hands, "is there to be no hope for us? no good training for the poor little fry of all classes? Let us go into mourning for the next age, and tell my 'queen' that her recipe is like those for finding the philosopher's stone, a castle in the air, a fine promise without foundation!"

"Don't you think," said Mr. Peckchaff, "that, admitting the great errors in training, so abundant,

every one gets in some way the very training he wants? God, who knows our blindness in choosing, and perverseness in following good, leads his children by a way they know not; and although, to common observation, the whole is a confusion of blunders, yet experience shows that the mistakes have been made to bring about good results."

"I can assent to that," said Clara; "I should not have chosen my own early training, which was hard and painful; now I am thankful for it."

"Well said!" cried the doctor, who had looked at her as steadily as an artist could have done while she was speaking; "the truth is—the truth is, that you and I must have some more talk. You shall come and help me to finish my mummy; these folks are too tired for such a lively amusement; we will let them go home now."

Laura gave Clara a cordial invitation to come to Rosemary Hill before she returned home.

"Think of poor Charles!" said Clara.

There was little need of such a command, and Laura's rising colour betrayed it. The doctor saw it, Clara saw it, and even Mr. Peckchaff saw it, though he did not know who "Charles" was, nor why his niece should blush at his name.

Clara, however, promised that, if possible, she would go for a few hours to Rosemary Hill before her return, and the doctor immediately added, "You shall go, and I will go and take you, and show you something worth looking at!"

"The erenite?" asked Mr. Peckchaff, smiling.

"Pooh! a woman that makes her servants work like clock-wheels, and sends her children out into the world like oysters, all hard shell outside, and the soft well packed up within. A woman that heads a tea-tray like Juno, makes tea like the Emperor of China—or his housekeeper—yes, your wife!" he added, as Mr. Peckchaff looked at him with the question on his face.

Laura said little as they returned. Her uncle, too, was silent. John's presence hindered conversation of any interest. Once, when he got down to open a gate, Mr. Peckchaff asked, "Laura, who is Charles?"

The same flush dyed her cheek as she answered, "Mr. Leporel, that lady's brother."

"Ah," thought Mr. Peckchaff, returning to silence as John resumed his seat, "now I see; the doctor was right, she is in love, and that is the artist! It is what I thought might be the case."

Meanwhile the doctor took Clara off from the Golden Horseshoe to his house, where, truly, they found the mummy half unpacked in the passage.

Clara was willing to make any sacrifice to propitiate Tony's uncle, and prepared to assist in taking off the remaining wrappings that encased his ghastly treasure; but he was satisfied with the good-will she showed, and her superiority to womanly weakness, and said, "No, let him alone; he will be safe there all night; I want to talk with you. But just look at the mouldings of that face! He might have been a Cheops, or some other hard-hearted strider over the rights of humanity. Mr. Peckchaff's doctrine of 'shaking up in a bag of any-how, and they'll all come right,' makes room for a great many varieties. Now, if all were formed by rule, there would be no such beings in the world as Tony. Do you think the world would be the worse for that deficiency?"

"I think what I said before; our estimate of things is very superficial," said Clara.

"Then you still prefer the shake-bag system? So do I. Plenty of room there for variety.

"If all the world were Peckehaffs,
And all the seas were Lofts,
And all the trees were chaps like these [pointing
to the mummy],
What should we do for softs?"

Clara laughed, and said there would then have been no gradation of colour.

"All blue, red, and yellow,
As hard as bricks,
For want of dim colour
To make 'em mix!"

said the doctor, pleased with his rhymes, the more so that they made Clara laugh.

"Follow me," he said, when she had helped him to return the mummy to its case, remarking that, though Cheops couldn't be so affected as to mind dust, and no mouse could be so hungry as to venture to bite him, it was disrespectful to leave him exposed all night.

This done, Clara followed the doctor to the only room in which a grate was left free to hold a fire; its furniture was precisely similar to that of the kitchen and drawing-room; it smelt strongly of that portion of the mummy's cerecloth which had been taken off, and which lay in one corner of it.

The doctor soon lit a fire, though with a little explosion, for he did it by chemical agency; and freeing two chairs from the miscellaneous articles that covered them, he placed one for Clara and took the other himself, inviting her to imitate his example and put her feet on the fender. When they were thus quite comfortably settled, he said,—

"Now, my dear, begin your story; but first, who is Charles?"

"My brother," said Clara.

"Oh!" said the doctor; "now for Tony. Go on."

Clara began a most touching description of Tony's state, and thought she was making a successful impression on his uncle's feelings, when the latter suddenly exclaimed,—

"Do you see that blue flame?"

She stopped and looked at it.

"Do you know what makes it?" he asked.

She knew enough to be able to explain it satisfactorily, as she thought, being rather provoked at it for choosing such a time to burst out.

"No!" said the doctor, "I knew you'd say that;" and then he went into the true origin, and gave her a lecture on science connected with it, which at another moment would have delighted her, but which she now listened to with repressed impatience.

"Go on," said the doctor, when the lecture was over; but very little further did he allow her to "go on" before he as suddenly interrupted her with the question,—

"Do you know this woman?"

"Lady Mildwater?" asked Clara.

The doctor kicked a coal back which was falling from the fire, and said,—

"That woman!" as if her name and title were too much for him.

Clara told him all she had known and knew of her now.

"Well, are you one of her sort?" he asked.

"I am an earnest advocate for justice to women," she answered; "but I am sure you must be too clear-sighted to confound poor Sir Antony's wife with the friends of our sex."

"What do women want?" asked the doctor.

"I think they want fair play; first, let their education be such that they may take their proper place as intellectual beings, not mere labour machines; and second, that they may be armed with power to meet their need if thrown into circumstances requiring their self-support," replied Clara.

"There's no Act of Parliament against any of this," said the doctor. "I think women have had pretty much their own way ever since I can remember, except among the Turks, and fellows of that sort."

"Dear sir!" said Clara, "having their own way is not what they want; the fault has not been more with men than with themselves; the narrow education of our grandmothers will not do in this day of increased demands in all ways. If you read the 'Spectator,' you will see that at that time the daughters of such as bred up their families in luxury and left them in distress were glad to go out as servants. Surely men will hail the time (though now they may understand the movement and refuse to believe in its results) when they can look with confidence to leaving behind them a wife and children who will face the world, and not bring reproach on their memories by misery and helplessness."

"And do the women complain that we hinder them from learning how to manage this? Pooh!" exclaimed the doctor. "I tell you, child, if a woman has anything in her, it will come out; if she hasn't, no help will do—a born fool a fool will die." Look at Tony!"

"Ah, doctor! I am surprised at you!" said Clara. And she began to relate the Beverleys' history, to illustrate her meaning.

"Did you ever see crows mob a hawk?" he asked, as Clara was in the middle of it.

She looked at him for some explanation.

"Never did?" he asked, getting up; "then I'd recommend you to look out for it; there isn't a more amusing thing to be seen; the hawk is bad company, and they know it, so when he takes to hovering near them, they make a strong party and rush on him, and follow him till they have fairly mobbed him out of the field. Now, you women get together and mob out that poor lad's wife!"

"No one that is friendly to women will recognise her," said Clara; "what can we do?"

"Mob her, mob her off the ground; I can do nothing for him till she is out of the way," said the doctor.

Clara saw there was reason in this, and said, slowly, "They are married, you see!"

"I do see, and I see that this man, who had the best education that could be given him, is—well!—and that this woman, who is also what is called highly educated, is a hawk to be mobbed. Talk to me about education! There, if you had been born and brought up in a union, you would have been worth your pay whatever you worked at, and you would have risen to a good place; but these born fools, fools will die! Don't talk to me any more about women and education, I hate the whole concern—despise it! I am sick to death of it!"

He looked so much in earnest that Clara thought silence was best. The doctor walked up and down the room once or twice, then, his good-temper returning, he took out his watch and said, "Well, my transcendental philosopheress! I see I ought to have been three miles off to meet little Ivy at a

patient's more than an hour ago. I must go; will you stop here, or go to the inn for some supper? I've got nothing to eat till my old woman comes; to-morrow we'll go to the sick girl, and then we'll see about the rest."

She thought much of Laura when she was alone, and speculated on what Charles would have felt if he had seen her at their sudden meeting. She had no sympathy with her character, and was not sorry that, if an impression had been made on him, there was no likelihood of its being strengthened by renewed intercourse. She thought, too, of what the doctor had said, "I hate it!—despise it!—am sick to death of it!" "Thus is the true nature of a question overlooked, either from the difficulties attending it, or impatience at the trouble of understanding it, or, most of all, from the want of Christian zeal, to right that which is wrong, at whatever cost to self." This was the language of her heart, as she turned over the pages of her Bible, and felt that from "the truth" alone the needed help would come.

Laura was also alone in her room. Mrs. Peckchaff had manifested her wrath, and utter disapproval both of the doctor and her husband, by a few terse remarks on the male sex generally, not at all complimentary to them.

Mr. Peckchaff was afraid to admit that, in truth, she very well knew that he had acted the whole day against his judgment; he was aware of what she would have replied to such an excuse. "Would I have been coaxed, or hectored, or argued into what I didn't mean to do? No, Walter; don't talk to me about men! I think it's a good thing there are women too in the world, or it would have been in a worse way than it is, and that's bad enough!"

Laura had generously done her best to shield her uncle. She had taken the whole blame of remaining at Port Ockery and going to the meeting on herself—for this last fact had been betrayed by John's narrative of the day's events to Dorcas; she maintained that, though she felt tired, she was sure it had not really done her harm, and that she had had, on the whole, a charming day.

A new bond of union had sprung up between her and her uncle. His question had made her fear that he had learned more of her heart than she would have had any one know. *Know!* She would have suffered any martyrdom, she felt at that moment, rather than be exposed, in this her weakness, to any eye. She had seen Clara's look when her face had, she feared, betrayed her, and if her mortification at a love not returned could admit of increase, she had it now, in the dread that the secret was not buried in her own heart.

She cared less for her uncle's knowing it than she would have done for any other being on earth. She knew the high and delicate character of his mind, and that, with him, she was safe; but, with all her reverence for Clara's superiority, she shrank from the thought of her privy to her sad secret. As to her aunt! There are things too shocking to entertain in imagination, and to be "let down" so mercilessly to Mrs. Peckchaff was one of them. "Not that she would be intentionally unkind; no, she would, perhaps, pity me! and advise me, and—oh, too horrid to think of!" she cried, as she contemplated the bare possibility of it.

There was a picture in the studio of Charles Leporel that she had often gazed on with admiration. The subject was Samson awaking out of his sleep,

and rising to "shake himself as aforetime;" the terrible discovery of his departed strength was depicted in his face. She had thought, while she looked, that his must have been the crowning grief of human nature; now it returned to her, and she asked herself, "Is this grief mine? Have I no power to throw off these bands that bind me? Yes, there is power! there *shall* be power! I *will* be free!"

She rose, and threw into the fire a cedar pencil which he had once, while giving her hints on drawing, placed in her hands, and which she had cherished as a memorial that none could suspect. She watched it as it smouldered into ashes, and exclaimed, —

"So perish all that I preserved with you! I *will* be free! I *am* free!"

"Walter," said Mrs. Peckchaff, the next morning at breakfast, "I am afraid we have got something to answer for in sending for that lunatic; I do, indeed, though of course no one would have suspected how things would turn out."

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Mr. Peckchaff.

"Why, I think the poor girl is going crazy too, I *do*!" she replied.

"Why do you think so?" he asked.

"Because she is so odd, so very odd; she won't allow she is ill; she insisted on getting up though I advised her not, and when Dorcas took her breakfast up to her she found her half dressed. I went up to her, but she was so unnatural, so—she meant it for being well and in spirits, but I call it 'highty-tighty,' that I was altogether surprised. She will be down in a minute, and you will see what I mean."

Mr. Peckchaff had not time to reply before his niece really did enter the breakfast-room with an air totally different from that she had worn since her coming to Rosemary Hill.

What a great debt does society owe to little coughs. Mrs. Peckchaff could not have found any words that would have delivered her sentiments that Laura would not have considered unkind and her husband inhospitable and ungracious, but she coughed a little cough that said plainly, "There, you see I was right; judge for yourself if she is not flighty. Where will this end?"

Laura saluted her uncle with a gaiety that struck him as forced; but he kept his thoughts to himself, and the meeting came under discussion, which Laura commented on with warmth.

"I think," said Mrs. Peckchaff, "if they had told you that it was the duty of sick girls to do their best to get well, that they might—"

Here she broke off; but Laura, unruffled, continued her speech for her—"that they might be able to go to work at their proper work, aunt?" she asked.

"Yes; well, I don't say you, Laura, altogether," replied her aunt, "though it's true about you, and I don't deny it; but if you go to meetings that make you do things to throw yourself back and give me all my labour over again, why—"

"That would be a shame, aunt, and I won't do it, believe me," she said, earnestly. "I will do all you advise me that I can, and I will get well and go home, and try my best to help my mother and father, and—Tommy."

Mr. Peckchaff smiled most affectionately at his niece; her aunt smiled too, and said she had her best wishes for getting well, she was sure. "On your

own account, mind, Laura, I don't regard trouble when it turns to account; and if ever I have the pleasure of seeing you a comfort at Hurley, I shall be glad of all you may ever have given me."

Laura declared she was afraid she had been giving way lately, but that some things she had heard at the meeting had roused her. "You and my uncle have been too tender with me, but I will give way no longer," she said. "I mean to-day to write home, and ask them if they will have me back in the hope of finding me more useful than I left them."

Mrs. Peckchaff was silent during the rest of the conversation; and when her niece had left the room she said,—

"Well, Walter, was I right or not?"

"I think, my dear, her state is most delightful," he said.

"And I think it is frightful," she answered, with energy. "She's getting like the doctor, I'm afraid; so suddenly good through what she heard at the meeting! Why, haven't I been advising her, day after day, ever since she got better? and now she comes, talking so fast, and being so good—not a bit like herself; and eating nothing. Just look at the ham on her plate!"

"She is excited; that will go off; but she will carry out all she has said, I am sure. Very likely, my dear, your advice prepared the way for what she heard at the meeting, and made it successful," said Mr. Peckchaff.

His wife shook her head. She could not believe that anything said at the meeting could be more to the purpose than what she had said over and over again; and according to her views of propriety what one of her own family said ought to be of tenfold more weight than the utterance, though ever so wise, of a stranger. "I am sure, if mother held up her little finger to me, it was more than a whole bookful of wisdom from a stranger would have been!"

Mr. Peckchaff began a gentle remonstrance.

"Oh, don't tell me, Walter! I am right, and I know it. Nothing goes on now as it did when I was a child—and what is to become of us all I can't think."

She was really, for a time, so ruffled that she could hardly command herself to give her usual directions to Dorcas.

"We will keep the beef till to-morrow; the cold mutton, with some chops for your master and Miss Loft, will do for to-day. I want you to look over the things for next week's wash with me."

Scarcely had she finished, and taken her usual round of all the premises under the occupation of Dorcas for the house, and John for the cow and pony; scarcely had her serenity showed signs of return, when John came in, with a scared face, crying to Dorcas, for he did not see his mistress, "If that 'ere doctor isn't a-driving into the yard! I'll be off; I'm not going a'nearest him, if I knows it. The chap from the Horseshoe can 'tend on the horse, and you just go and ax him in."

Mrs. Peckchaff's consternation at this news was quite as great as her man's, and, like him, she felt she could not trust herself to meet her visitor.

"Walter," she said, hurrying to the study, "that man is come from Port Ockery; he told us he wouldn't. Go to him, but don't call me; I am very busy in the laundry, and I won't see him!"

Mr. Peckchaff had half expected him, but had not ventured to say so. Laura had expected him, too,

but had not been able to speak of Clara; therefore the blow came on the poor lady, her aunt, when she was all unprepared for it. She could have cried, as she mounted the laundry stairs, at the trouble in prospect.

"That girl only wants a touch to set her off. I am sure of it. Oh, that she were off our hands! Here, Dorcas! let us set to at this table-cloth—here are three thin places and a hole. Your master will see to the company; I won't go till we have finished."

A FRIEND'S REMONSTRANCE.

A VERY interesting story is told by the illustrious Paley of the great good that was done him when a young man by some faithful words of remonstrance that were addressed to him by a friend. The story, on which otherwise some doubt might be thrown, rests on the authority of his own confession. We are told that Paley, with his good temper and keen wit, had made himself a great social favourite at his college, and drew around him a large circle of idle and thoughtless young men. He was a sizar at Christ's College, confessedly the position of a poor man, thrown into the society of richer men than himself, and adopting indolent and extravagant ways. "At the commencement of my third year," says Paley, "after having left the usual party at rather a late hour in the evening, I was awakened at five in the morning by one of my companions, who stood at my bedside and said, 'Paley, I have been thinking what a fool you are. I could do nothing, probably, were I to stay, and can afford the life I lead; you could do everything, and could not afford it. I have had no sleep during the whole night on account of these reflections, and am now come solemnly to inform you that if you persist in your indolence I must renounce your society.'"

Paley pondered over the faithful and courageous words of his friend. He saw their force. He admitted their truth. He made no disguises or excuses, but saw how directly applicable they were to his conduct. We suspect that the advice might be applicable to a great many undergraduates of our own time, and, indeed, to an infinitely wider circle. There is no more extensive or disastrous fault at the present day than for people to tread close upon the heels of a grade of society above them, and to think that they must imitate the expenditure of their betters. A man who has claims upon his time has no right to assume to himself those privileges of leisure which belong to others, to whom an immunity from daily toil has been granted, doubtless for wise purposes, if they are only faithfully noted and carried out. A man who has many claims upon his income has no right to the privileges of those who in a kindly Providence are exempted from such cares. In all these things there is a practical wisdom to be used—an appropriateness in observing the different details of life. Much might be said of that special form of vice which was discernible in Paley's instance. There is a well-known proverb about the earthenware swimming with the ironware. That is the silliest of all ambition to desire to cope with men of higher position and greater means than our own. We are sure to be despoiled in time of such vain plumage.

Paley made every endeavour to redeem his error.

He tells us that after his friend left he considered for nearly the whole day what he should do. Then he formed his plan. He lighted his own fire every morning, and determined to read perseveringly. He worked hard, and his work prospered. He took a splendid degree, becoming senior wrangler, and entering the Church, he obtained considerable preferment. His works, however, gave him higher distinction than any temporal dignity. His "Moral Philosophy," his "Evidences of Christianity," and above all, his "HOMER PAULINÆ," have been of a high religious, educational, and intellectual use. He was enabled to yield at last emphatic testimony to the power of the gospel.

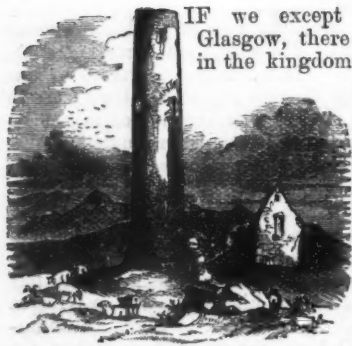
How much good was here done, how much good may constantly be done, by simple and faithful remonstrance! "A word in season, how good it is." Tennyson has well said of earnest words, that they are words "which make a man feel strong in speaking truth." It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of our words—those words by which we are justified, and by which we are condemned. The instances are countless in which inestimable good has been done by honest, kindly, outspoken remonstrance. There are very often men in business, not only young men at college, but men employed in all avocations of life, who are losing their friends and spoiling their chances by an unworthy squandering of their time and energies. Some manly, courageous advice might save from much misery; and how keen would be the reproach from one we loved, that if only he had been

warned in time by us he might have been saved from a disastrous misfortune! It is much that a remonstrance should be faithfully given; it is more still that it should be honestly laid to heart. "He, that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall be suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy." Most of all, there are those who in hopeless, Christless ways forget or forsake the things which belong unto their peace. Very often, in such cases, remonstrance becomes a most solemn duty. "Am I my brother's keeper?" was the cry of the first murderer, Cain. Yes, each to each is his brother's keeper. There are many words of Scripture that lend the highest sanction to the duty of remonstrance. "Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." "Whoso saveth souls is wise." "If any man be overtaken with a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." These last words teach us in what spirit the remonstrance should be given. It should be done with tenderness, with humility, with the feeling of one's own weakness and insufficiency. Above all, let it be done in faithfulness and with prayer. And never let faithful remonstrance be disregarded by any man. Such may be the message of God to us for good. Such wounds of a friend may be to us for eternal healing. Such a faithful friend may be to us as a ministering angel. It is one of the many glorious titles of the Lord Christ himself, that he is the Faithful and True Witness.

LEISURE HOURS IN IRELAND.

BY THE EDITOR.

XIV.—COUNTY WICKLOW SCENERY.



IF we except Edinburgh and Glasgow, there is no great city in the kingdom which has, close at hand, such scenes of combined loveliness and grandeur as Dublin. From many towns, especially from the metropolis itself, short excursions can be made to places of great and varied beauty, but Dublin has the sea within easy reach, and a range of granite mountains,—two elements of natural scenery not often found near great cities. Many things in Ireland have been praised as much as they merit, but the picturesqueness of the scenery of County Wicklow could not easily be exaggerated.

I am not going to waste my space or the reader's time with any description of places so familiar as Howth and Kingston, Dalkey and Killiney, or even Bray and Powerscourt, the Dargle and the Glen of the Downs. But I may say of the far-famed Vale of Avoca, that its beauty is quite as much in romance as in reality. The valleys are certainly richly wooded, but the Avonbeg and Avonmore are

not very classic-looking streams. There are two places where the rivers join, and which contest the honour of being the spot of which the poet sang—

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

I vote for the place farthest from the smoking factory and mining chimneys, and where the river-bed is the least dirty and ochry with metallic rust and refuse.

As to the general aspect of the Vale of Avoca, let the reader choose between the two following opinions, which are both given in the guide-books. Prince Puckler Muskau (hats off to the prince as a man of letters) thus writes, "Just before sunset I reached the exquisitely beautiful Avondale. In this paradise every possible charm is united: a wood which appears of measureless extent; two noble rivers; rocks of every variety of picturesque form; the greenest meadows; the most varied and luxuriant shrubberies and thickets. In short, scenery changing at every step, yet never diminishing in beauty." Now, from this height of poetic prose let us descend to the plain report of Mr. Barrow, the geographer and reviewer, who says, "As to the 'Meeting of the Waters,' as the Irish are pleased to call the confluence of two little streams, pompously or poetically as you may please to decide, I think more has been made of it than either the waters or their meeting

deserve." But I must hasten on to a scene with which no shadow of disappointment can be associated.

GLENDALOUGH.—THE SEVEN CHURCHES AND THE ROUND TOWER.

From Dublin to Glendalough it may be about five-and-twenty miles, as the crow flies, but it is a long round by rail and car to reach this valley among the mountains. It must have been a place of wild loneliness and peaceful security once, and even now it must be a quiet if not dreary spot, after the tourist season is over.

St. Kevin is the patron saint and hero of Glendalough. He may have been a real and not a mythical personage, though I doubt there is no register to satisfy Mr. Thom that he died at the age of 120, as the Romish chroniclers say. Many stories are told about Master Kevin, and many monumental records of him are shown—Kevin's church, and cell, and bed, and kitchen, and so forth. One of the most notable legends about him has been the theme of lays by Moore, and Gerald Griffin, and other Irish minstrels. He fled to this wilderness to escape an Irish girl, Kathleen, who was in love with him.

"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

She traced him out, and on waking one morning, Kevin saw Kathleen gazing on him with fond admiration. Starting up he pushed poor Kathleen back, and she tumbled down into the lake and was drowned! Instead of pitying the poor girl, we are expected to admire the piety of the "saint," exposed to the temptations of the evil one in the shape of a pretty Irish maiden. The story proves that the legendary lore about St. Kevin belongs to times when natural and scriptural piety had been corrupted by an apostate church forbidding its priests to marry.

To the garrulous guides and the gossiping guide-books I must refer the tourist for details about the ruins of Glendalough and the life of its patron saint. Beyond the fact that there was here an early Christian colony, a centre of devotion and learning, there is little that bears the stamp of historical truth. I do not believe the statement that "a large city grew up in the valley, extending, on both sides of the river, from the Rhefeart Church to the Ivy Church." If it ever existed, all the stones have vanished into the lake, with the serpents that also disappeared, according to legend. The number of "seven churches" does not imply a large population, nor the fact that there was a bishopric of Glendalough, merged in that of Dublin in the fifteenth century. It was no doubt a place of resort for devout pilgrims, but never can have supported a large permanent population, "a crowded city," as we are told, "a school of learning, a college of religion, a sanctuary of the oppressed, a receptacle for holy men, an asylum for the poor, a hospital for the sick." All this, and especially the "crowded city," must be regarded as mythical. The principal ruin, now dignified by the name of cathedral, marks the site of only a small church or chapel; the Lady's Chapel adjoining is also small; and the best preserved of the ruins, known as St. Kevin's Kitchen, was doubtless another ecclesiastical edifice. But although not

boasting of large dimensions, there is no exaggeration as to the reputed sanctity of the place. The whole enclosure has long been in use as a cemetery, and regarded as a veritable Campo Santo, a still higher sacredness attaching to the lesser enclosure known as the Sacristy. Very interesting are some of the numerous tombstones and memorials which thickly stud the burial-ground. Slate and schist are the usual materials of the stones, many of which are headed by rude sculptures of the Crucifixion, the soldier piercing the side with the spear. The costume of the Roman on one of these stones, dated 1779, is that of an English soldier, as seen in Hogarth and other pictures of last century. There is an ancient granite cross of large size, to which various superstitious virtues are said to belong.

But the most conspicuous of all the relics of the past is the Round Tower, which rises majestically amidst the ruins and tombstones. It was not the first I had seen, but the first which I had opportunity carefully to examine and muse beside. Before, however, offering some remarks on these mysterious and much-discussed structures, I would say a few words about "The Seven Churches," which are almost as mysterious, and equally characteristic of Irish archaeology.

XV.—THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF IRELAND.

It is easy to say that seven is a sacred and mystical number, early devoted to religious use, under the Jewish as well as the Christian dispensation. I am not aware that in any other country of western Europe this special employment of the number, in grouping churches in sevens, has been found. It has been affirmed that the early Christianity of Ireland came not from the Continent nor from Britain, but direct from the East; and there is even a legend that St. James visited Ireland after having been in Spain. Were this so, there might be ground for supposing the early Irish Christians to have taken "The Seven Churches" of Asia as the model for imitation. But waiving such speculation, it is a curious fact that groups of seven churches were in former times common throughout Ireland.

There are only two such sites now celebrated and visited by tourists, Glendalough and Clonmacnoise, but in many parts I found traces or traditions of the same number of churches, even when the actual buildings or ruins gave no sign of their existence. Clonmacnoise, four or five miles from the Shannon Bridge at Athlone, is the rival of Glendalough as the site of "The Seven Churches," but at Clonmacnoise there are ruins of many more chapels than seven, and two Round Towers. At Scattery, in County Clare, and at Rattoo, County Kerry, are also seven churches. At Kilbarry there are remains of three chapels only, and the stump of a Round Tower; yet the neighbours speak of "the seven churches of Kilbarry." Tuam, we know from old records, had once seven churches, but only one of them survives, which is now the cathedral of St. Mary. Inniscailtra, the holy island of Lough Derg, in Clare, is one of the few places where the ruins of exactly seven chapels, and the usually attendant Round Tower, can be seen. But in remote times, the sacred and symbolic number was common in Ireland, even when (as at Clonmacnoise) the zeal and piety of builders had added new chapels to the original ones. These places served as family oratories and cemeteries,

grouped in a place having repute for special sanctity. That seven was a symbolic and not a literal number in this connection, we know from the fact of other churches (such as Hierapolis) existing in Proconsular Asia at the very time that the epistles were sent to "the seven churches of Asia."

XVI.—THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.

Having spoken of the groups of seven churches, let me now give, in as brief space as possible, the

be called complete, and the others more or less imperfect, from accident or the slow ravages of time. The ruins and remains of many others are known, but about eighty survive in condition for observation. In the Ordnance Survey maps the localities are set down, and lists are given in various books, the most accessible of which is "Hall's Ireland," volume iii.

The height of the perfect towers varies from seventy to a hundred and ten feet. In diameter they are from eight or ten to fifteen feet. In all but two or three the stone doorway is at a considerable eleva-



POWERSCOURT WATERFALL.

result of much research and observation about the Round Towers, the most remarkable and interesting of all the antiquities of Ireland.

The Round Towers are in every part of Ireland, and almost in every county. In remote parts of the island, and in places little frequented in ancient times, except by the wild natives, there are few of them. They are most numerous in districts where the early civilised or Christian colonists seem to have settled, before the time of the piratical invasions of the Danes and other Northmen.

With various differences as to height and other dimensions, and the materials of which they are built, as well as in details of architecture, one type of form and structure is common to the whole of them. There are upwards of eighty, about twenty of which may

tion from the ground, and in many cases the height must have originally been greater, the soil having been raised in time round the base. The interior has been divided into stages, the wooden floors remaining in some cases, and in almost all the places being visible where the beams were fixed in the wall. Light was given by a narrow opening, or window, in the wall at each floor. At the upper floor there were four windows much larger than those below, and in almost every instance facing the four points of the compass. I believe that the number is very few where this arrangement is not exact, and that there are only two with six instead of four upper windows. The most perfect towers are capped by a conical roof of stone or schist.

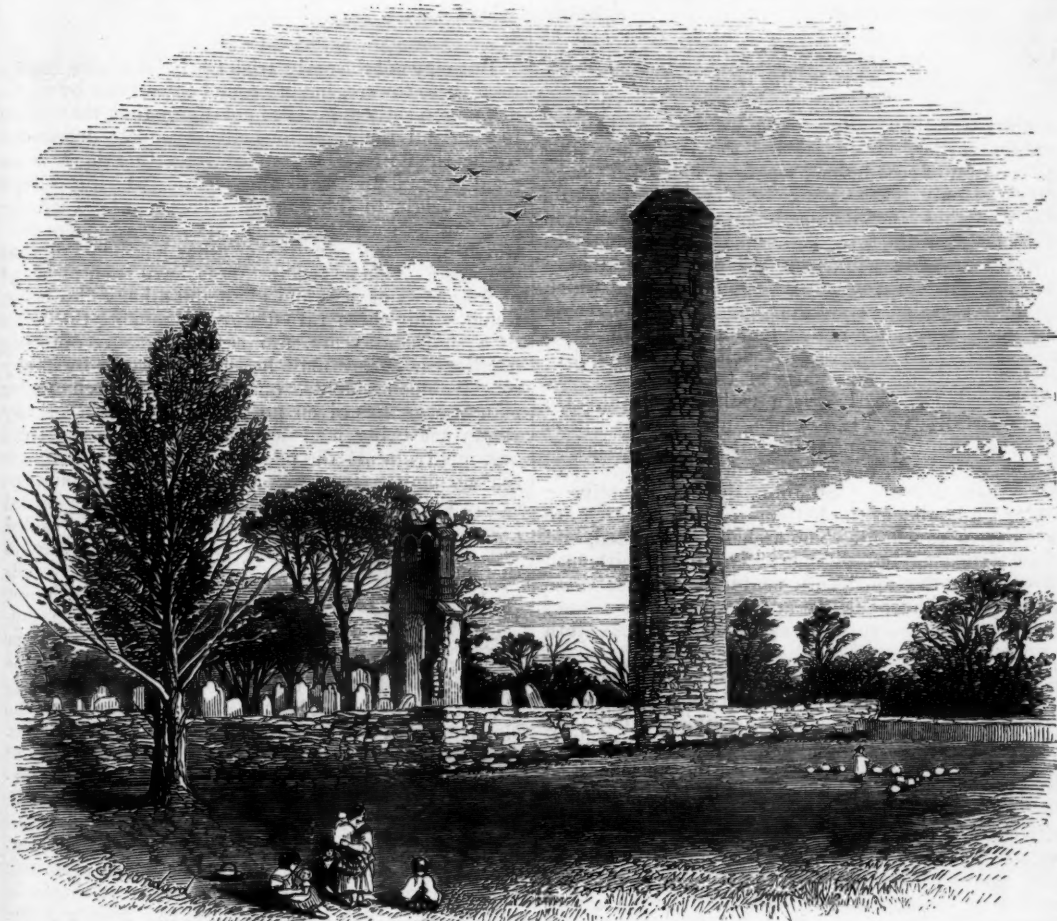
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the rocks and stones of the neighbourhood, with greater or less skill in the masonry. Some are carefully finished and well mortared, while others are built with little if any mortar. The windows are formed by large slabs or by irregular masses of stone, as are also the doorways, some of which have arched or pointed, and others straight tops. Almost all are severely plain in style, but a few have ornamentation, and in two or three there are rudely sculptured crosses; such is the case at Antrim, on the granite

indicated as to the time of construction, but the greater or less skill of the local workmen has also to be considered. There is every likelihood that the period over which the construction of the towers extended was not great, probably not above two centuries. A concurrence of many local traditions and legends ascribes the date of the chief of them to the sixth and seventh centuries, the names of saintly men who lived at that time being attached to them. The building of them was not continued after the



(From a photograph.)

ROUND TOWER OF DONAGHMORE, COUNTY MEATH.

slab above the door. The cross is so much worn as to be scarcely recognisable, so that similar ornaments on stones less durable than granite must have long ago been obliterated.

The Glendalough Tower has the doorway, and, as far as I could see, the windows, formed by granite blocks, but the tower itself is built of rubble masonry, laid in closely fitting but irregular parallel layers of slate or mica schist, the geological formation of the adjacent mountains. The ruined chapels, and the gravestones also, are of the same local materials.

From the variety of finish in the masonry, one might suppose that very great difference might be

pagan invaders had spread over the country, and they were already regarded as ancient and mysterious structures by the earliest English chroniclers after the Norman conquest of Ireland.

I have given these details, as they are interesting to some archaeologists, but the point to which attention is here chiefly directed is the evident similarity in all the structures, as if the design were from one mind, and imitated in other places, where people of the same creed or race went, and where the same circumstances required them.

While the Irish towers have so close a resemblance

as to indicate a common origin and use, they are unlike any towers in any other part of the world. Attempts have been made to compare them with certain towers in the far East, but they have no real resemblance to them; in fact, they are more like modern Mohammedan minarets than ancient towers of sun-worshippers, or other oriental pagan cults. None of the southern Continental campaniles, or bell-towers, resemble thus, nor is there approach to their special structure in other northern countries. In Scotland alone are two towers that resemble them, but these are expressly stated to have been built by missionaries who came from Ireland, probably in the eighth or ninth century.

The two Scottish towers are at Brechin and at Abernethy. Both are connected with churches; of the first-named Dr. Ledwich, the Irish antiquary, says, "The church of Brechin is supposed to have been founded A.D. 990. Its Round Tower is probably a century earlier, for in Ireland the latter preceded the erection of sees by many ages. The Irish clergy were the only teachers among the Picts in those times, Juathal MacArtegusa being called Archbishop of Pictlaw in 1064, as Tighernac, the "Annals of Ulster," and Mr. Pinkerton declare. Brechin is in the same shire of Angus with Dunkeld, over which Artegusa presided, so that the Round Tower of Brechin can be ascribed to no other founders than the Irish missionaries, who constructed such in their native land. There are some parts of the Brechin Tower which render this early origin rather doubtful. On its western front are two arches, in relief, one within the other; on the point of the outermost is a crucifix, and between both, towards the middle, are figures of the Virgin Mary and St. John, the latter holding a cup and a lamb; at the bottom of the outer arch are two beasts couchant. The arches are pointed, and of the form usual in buildings erected in the thirteenth or early in the fourteenth century. Unless these arches were subsequently added, the tower cannot have been erected so early as the close of the ninth century.

Mr. Brewer, author of "Beauties of Ireland," describes several Round Towers attached to English churches, chiefly in Norfolk and Suffolk, but only "bearing faint similitude to the towers in Ireland."

There is no ground for ascribing to the Danes, as some have done, the construction of the Round Towers, beyond the popular tendency to credit them with having to do with buildings of unknown and remote origin. The Danish and Norwegian settlers were almost wholly confined for several generations to the sea-coast, and had few settlements in the interior. To all works of piety and art these barbarous marauders were constant foes, destroying rather than constructing, nor had they ever leisure for the labour required in forming edifices so large, so numerous, and widely dispersed over the island. Giraldus Cambrensis, the first British writer who notices the Round Towers, makes no reference to the Danes, but says expressly that they are built *more patrio*, after the native style.

The absence of similar towers in other countries seems conclusive as to their local origin, but the question of date remains undecided. They were not built after the Norman or the Danish invasions, and the local legends which ascribe them to the age of the early Irish Christian Church may not be received in evidence. The absence of confirmation

of these legends in the Romish Hagiographies or Lives of the Saints has been remarked, but this is of no account, as the Popish Church, both in England and Ireland, has done more than pagan invaders to destroy the traditions and obliterate the memory of the Ancient British Christian civilisation, dating from Roman times.

The Irish Church, which sent distinguished teachers and missionaries not to Scotland only, but to many parts of Europe, had flourished long enough to give time for the erection of these towers, as well as for cultivating a literature and piety which made the country famous as a centre of learning and "the Isle of Saints."

But may not the early Irish Christians have merely used these towers, having found them built by previous pagan settlers? It is not likely that they chose to plant all their religious sites on spots desecrated by heathen rites. But apart from this there is no good ground for any of the theories which ascribe a pagan origin to the towers. There are no similar structures, as we have stated, in countries where sun-worship, or Baal-worship, or other heathen religions prevailed. One or two instances have been recorded of fragments of urns and glass and other relics being found. But these rare discoveries, among the *débris* of a thousand years, are scarcely worthy of being mentioned. They may have come there by many conceivable accidents, and diligent search under many towers has given no real confirmation of any pagan use being made of the sites. But the chief argument against the pagan origin of the towers is that no similar structures are found in the countries of the Phœnicians, or the Spaniards, or other fabled progenitors of the early races. It may be added that the Druids, who have had some advocates in this matter, have nowhere else left similar memorials of their shadowy existence. Buddhist or Phallic, Parsee, Indian origins, have all had passing supporters, but without the least appearance of proof or even of probability. I think we are shut up to the conclusion that they belong to the epoch of early Irish Christianity, before the first invasions of the Norsemen and Danes in the eighth or ninth centuries. And we have already shown that the uniformity of design bespeaks a common origin and common purpose, probably the invention of one master mind. We are told of one Goban Saer, a great architect who flourished in the beginning of the seventh century. Whether to him, or to some earlier architect, it seems clear to me that to some native Irishman or member of the early Irish Church the honour is due of this unique architecture.

We now come to the much-disputed question as to the use of the towers. The pagan uses are set aside in rejecting the pagan origin of them. For keeping alive the sacred fire of Baal, pillars of such imposing height were not necessary. For observing the stars and heavenly bodies, better sites would have been chosen than many of the towers, surrounded and overtopped by neighbouring heights. The same remark applies to the theory that they were meant for watch-towers and signal-towers. It is true that some of them are visible from others, but for purposes of observation or alarm the connection must have been continuous. Most of the towers are secluded and independent of others, and some of them

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surrounded by heights far more suitable to be used either for watching or for signals.

The theory that they were meant for burial monuments of distinguished persons has little support. Two or three instances are on record of human remains being found under them, in one case a complete skeleton, but these may have been laid there at a far later period. When the sanctity attaching to the neighbourhood of the towers had caused multitudes to be buried near them, it would not be surprising that some persons of rank or influence had been buried under the very shelter of the holy structure.

Another favourite theory with some people is that these are hermit pillars, such as Simeon Stylites, in old times, perched upon. The idea is too ludicrous for serious consideration. There was a hermit who lived in one of the towers in very modern times, the rogue having taken possession to get rent-free quarters, and living by mendicancy, like other mendicant *frères*. But a penitent or praying Paddy on the top of every pillar is a very different thing from one holy beggar at the basement. This is but a sample of the wild nonsense invented in order to avoid the more simple and common-sense explanations of the uses of the towers. I agree in the main with Mr. Petrie, author of the treatise on the subject which gained the prize offered by the Irish Academy. He regards the Round Towers as belfries or campanilia, but used at the same time as places of refuge against the sudden predatory inroads of the seapirates and land-robbers to which the Christian settlements were exposed.

Referring to the second of these uses, first, I may say that no structure could be more happily contrived for such a purpose. They were really "strong towers," into which the holy men who served in the churches could run and be safe, carrying with them any special valuables. The doorway was generally at a height of twelve or fifteen feet from the ground. At Cashel the tower (probably of older date) is attached to one angle of the cathedral, out of which a way had been opened, through the walls of the tower, as if the more readily to allow of hastening to the place of strongest refuge. Very seldom were the attacks of plunderers long sustained, and the towers gave protection to those who had not time to scatter among the forests or mountains on the approach of the enemy.

But what about the belfries? It is not at all clear that bells, in the modern sense, with ropes and pulleys, were used in those old times; and if they were, the towers need not have been so lofty or so strong. Taken along with the use of refuge, this objection has less weight, and seems to be wholly removed when it is remembered that the bells, as we call them, were not cast, with a tongue inside for ringing, but were made of wrought metal, and struck on the exterior, as gongs are in the East. The ancient bell of the Abbey of Cong is of this kind, of oblong, rectangular shape, and formed of metal plates wrought and welded together. To sound these there were special officers connected with the Seven Churches, and other religious communities. It was their duty at stated times to summon from north, south, east, and west, the scattered worshippers.

Gough, in his "Archæologia," says he has no doubt that the Round Towers were really Christian minarets, from which the faithful were summoned to

prayer. His opinion seems right, except that the summoning was by stroke of the bell, and not by the voice, at least in most cases.

I have seen among the ancient Brehon laws references to the position and duties of these ancient bellringers, and also to their punishments when failing in these duties. There is one passage which speaks of the honour attaching to all ecclesiastical offices, and the bellringer is specially mentioned, "whether it is the bell of a Cloitheath (or some such word) or the more humble sounder of a hand-bell." I am not Irish scholar enough to follow out these points, but commend them to the attention of the learned, believing that in the native records may yet be found valuable information about the early Christian Church of Ireland before the Norman invasion, with its resulting subjection of the country to the Romish power.

If the Round Towers were belfries, what is the meaning of the great openings at the top, when those below are only small piercings, as if to give light, and the door itself not very large? To answer this question, let me narrate two modern facts. On the north of Edinburgh there is a magnificent new building, Fettes College, an educational institution, richly endowed by the will of a former provost of the city. One of the conspicuous features in the architect's plan was a belfry, in which a costly and sonorous bell was hung. But the bell was found to give no sound commensurate with the cost and size, in fact could not be heard at any distance. Some defect in the metal was suspected, and a well-known clock-maker of Edinburgh, Alexander Bryson, was consulted. Mr. Bryson no sooner saw the tower than he sent for the builder. "How can you expect a bell to be heard if you don't let the sound out?" said the clock-maker. The builder, and, I suppose, the architect, had been working for the eye, and not for the ear, in the construction of the belfry, forgetting the principles of acoustics, and leaving no free course for the air-waves which constitute sounds. Under Mr. Bryson's direction proper apertures were made, and the bell of Fettes College was heard far and wide.

One other fact I give, and from Ireland. Every one knows "the Bells of Shandon," at Cork, about which the learned and witty "Father Prout" made his song—

"The bells of Shandon,
They sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee."

Well, some years ago these bells were hung lower than they are now, very near the floor of the bell-tower. The open spaces in the walls had also in course of time been half built up, so that the chimes sounded anything but grand. The rector raised the bells, and at the same time cleared out completely the original openings in the walls, and now the bells of Shandon sound, louder and sweeter than ever, all over the fine old city of Cork.

Let no one wonder, then, at the big openings at the top of the Round Towers, which has been mentioned against the use of them as belfries. The only other objection to what I regard as the true theory of the towers is that some of them are said to stand alone, and with no trace near of any ecclesiastical building, or any cemetery. This has especially been argued in respect to Antrim Tower.

Now, what are the facts of the case? Antrim, one of the finest and best preserved of all the towers, stands alone, with no ruins nor signs of any ecclesiastical settlement near. It is in the garden of a mansion, surrounded by woods and plantations. It struck me as a curious coincidence that the name of the property on which it stands is "The Steeple," which points to some ecclesiastical associations. I heard when there that Captain George Clark, son of Colonel Clark, the owner of the place, had a few years ago ascended with ladders and other appliances to the summit of the tower inside. He was unfortunately absent at the time, but on writing to him afterwards, I received the following interesting reply:—

"The Steeple, Antrim.

"Dear Sir,—In answer to your inquiries about the Round Tower here, I have to say that originally there seemed to have been lofts at the different stories, but no appearance of stairs—although from the holes in the walls there may have been.

"As to how the opens outside, or windows, point, the four at the top face the four points, N., S., E., W.; the door below faces due north.

"From the great quantity of human bones found in the ground all round the tower, it had evidently stood in a burying-place. There were also found the foundations of a building near the tower, but nothing above ground. In the old lease of the property the town-land is called 'The Steeple.'

"Some years ago the ground inside the tower was excavated, as far down as was safe for the building, to ascertain whether there were any remains of human bodies, but none were found.

"Yours truly,

"GEORGE J. CLARK."

Captain Clark's letter is most satisfactory and decisive on various points. The Antrim Tower, though now isolated, was evidently part of a religious settlement, the foundation of the church and the burial-ground having been discovered. The ancient name of the town land confirms this. The absence of any remains within the tower disproves the theory that these structures were connected with sepulture. The holes in the walls, and the remains of the wooden stages or lofts, show that the towers were in former times ascended probably by wooden stairs. One of the men who assisted Captain Clark in his ascent told me that the woodwork at one of the stages was strong enough to support the ladder used in the gradual ascent inside.

I have only to add about this Antrim Tower that the granite block above the doorway still contains in its centre the rude sculpture, said to be that of a cross. It is so much worn by the weather as to be scarcely recognisable, but drawings in books represent it plainly as a cross of antique shape.

THE ARAB FELLAHHEEN OF PALESTINE: WHO ARE THEY?

II.

THERE are two other non-Canaanite races, besides the Philistines, who may be mentioned as having obtained a footing in Palestine. One of these is Edom, to whom, as we have already seen, the Philistines were in later Jewish times made subject.

Very early in the history of the kingdom of Judah

we find that the Edomites threatened the territory of Judah (1 Chron. xviii. 12, 13; 1 Kings xi. 14—22; 2 Chron. xxv. and xxviii. 17). In this they were probably encouraged by their relations the Hittites of the Hebron district. It will be remembered that it was of the children of Heth at Hebron that Abraham asked a tomb for Sarah his wife (Gen. xxiii.) His grandson Esau afterwards married some of the daughters of Heth, to the grief of Isaac and Rebecca (Gen. xxvi. 34, 35, and xxxvi. 2). He formed a similar connection with the Hivites, of whom more presently. There was thus a connecting link between Edom and Hebron, the capital of South Judah, by reason of these intermarriages. We may well believe that this connection was kept up, as it would be by the natives at the present day, and that on some occasions at least the Edomites of Seir and the Hittites of Hebron made common cause against Judah.

The prophets Obadiah and Ezekiel (xxv. and xxxv.) both refer to these encroachments of Esau upon Judah, and they denounce the unbrotherly conduct of the children of Esau in the day of Israel's calamity. Yet the Edomites crept in farther and farther till in Maccabean times Hebron was in their hands (1 Macc. v. 65). Judas Maccabæus fought against Esau and took Hebron, destroying its fortress. (See also 2 Macc. x. 15.) Later still Josephus tells us that all South Judah was actually called Idumea. The Edomites maintained their ground till the days of Herod the Great, and so improved their position that he (the Idumean chieftain) had established himself, and was reigning as king in Zion, a foreign usurper at the very moment when the true heir of Abraham, through Jacob and David, was born at Bethlehem. There is no reason to suppose that the Edomites have ever been driven out of the Hebron district. It is to this day inhabited by a powerful and turbulent race, difficult to govern, but who hold in high reverence the name of Abraham—"El Khaleel," the Friend of God. Throughout this district the peasantry observe a code of unwritten laws, especially in agricultural matters, which they call "the Law of Abraham," which is thoroughly well known, and is held in the highest veneration. It would be interesting to collect the maxims of this code, whether they be regarded as in reality relics of the teachings of Abraham, or as traditional fragments, more or less altered, of the law of Moses observed by the children of Israel, and by them imposed on the rural population. That Abraham did lay down rules for the guidance of his numerous descendants we may infer from the declaration of God (Gen. xviii. 19), "I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment."

The third great exception to the probable Canaanitish descent of the inhabitants of Palestine is to be found in the Ammonites, who, as we suppose, form the present population, at least in part, of the Jebel Kuds, that district now known as the "Mountain of Jerusalem." It appears from Bible history that from the days of Joshua downwards the possession of Judah was kept freer from Canaanites than any other part of the country. The tribe of Judah—a valiant tribe—subdued the original inhabitants and kept them under. After the return from Babylon, when the Jews had reoccupied this portion of the land, we read that they still kept off the heathen intruders. So that, although in Nehemiah's time

and onwards there were still some "people of the land" existing, their numbers were small, and they were kept in subjection. When ultimately the Romans expelled the Jews from this fair and fruitful territory, it would therefore be left almost empty, and it would naturally attract settlers from the neighbouring countries. It seems to us probable that the nation which took possession of this district (*i.e.*, the immediate neighbourhood of Jerusalem and the country between that and Hebron) was Ammon, and this for the following reasons.

Even in Nehemiah's time there were some Ammonites in this part of the country, and Ammon had always been ready to profit by Israel's weakness, and to seize upon her borders. In 2 Kings xxiv. 2 they are mentioned among the invaders of Judah.

The prophet Jeremiah rebukes Ammon (xlix. 1-6) for encroaching on the inheritance of Israel in Gad, and he asks, "Hath Israel no sons? Hath he no heir?" and tells them that for this wrong they should themselves be driven out of their land, "*every man right forth.*" (See also Amos i. 13.) Ezekiel (xxv.) tells how this was to be done: that God would give Ammon for a possession to the "men of the East," the wild desert Bedaween, who should stable their camels in Rabbah, and bring their flocks to couch there. How truly this has been fulfilled let any traveller of the present day testify who has visited the east of Jordan and seen the once noble city of Ammân in its desolation, a place whither the wild tribes come, and where they do stable their flocks amid the ruins of palaces and of temples. The whole land of Ammon is now possessed by these wandering hordes. It has been delivered "a spoil" to the people, and Ammon has been "cut off from the people." Its name as a nation is no longer "remembered among the nations" (Ezekiel xxv.) The name of Ammon is gone, though the nation may still exist, merged among others, and lost among them. And this in punishment for having said, "Aha! against my sanctuary, when it was profaned" at the destruction of Jerusalem; "and against the land of Israel, when it was desolate; and against the house of Judah, when they went into captivity." Whither, then, did the Ammonites go when pressed forward by the "men of the East"? They were not annihilated, for there is a promise (Jeremiah xlix.) of their ultimate restoration. Where could they have gone when driven "right forth" if not westwards, to the empty region vacated by the Jews when cast out by the Roman power? The advancing Bedaween must have forced them westwards. North the land was occupied; south lay desert, and also hostile tribes; the western country alone lay open to them, being at the same time empty of its inhabitants. Hither, then, probably came the Ammonites, taking up their place among the so-called Fellahheen Arabs of Palestine, as being no mere nomad people, but, like the Fellahheen, regular settled cultivators of the soil in their own land. The present peasantry, or Fellahheen, of the Jerusalem district, the Jebel Kuds west and south, are for the most part handsome, well-made men, intelligent though extremely ignorant, but yet less brutish than those of other districts. They are nominal Moslems, like all the Fellahheen, and, like them, are as much heathen as Moslem, excepting that there is among them no idol worship. A few Fellahheen also exist at Es Salt, on the borders of the Ammon country, and they contrive to maintain themselves there in spite of the Bedaween

around them; but we must look for the chief part of the remnant of Ammon on the western side of Jordan, among the Judean hills, where they grow corn and cultivate the vine as their forefathers did upon the trans-Jordanic hill-slopes. Thus we may expect to find in South Palestine the remnants of three non-Canaanite races—the Philistine, the Edomite, and the Ammonite, all three having, like the aboriginal Canaanites, the habits of a settled agricultural people, as distinguished from those of the wandering Bedaween.

Let us now turn to the five remaining Canaanite nations, and glance at their territorial position in Bible times.

The Hittites have been referred to above as inhabiting the Hebron district in the days of Abraham (Genesis xxiii. and xxv. 9, 10; xxvi. 34; xxvii. 46). There was apparently friendly intercourse between Abraham and some of the Hebron chieftains during his sojourn at Mamre. This sojourn was of considerable length. He had built an altar there, and the friendship appears to have been maintained during his life. This may have led to Esau his grandson marrying daughters of Heth, contrary to the example set by Abraham in having a wife fetched from his own family for Isaac. Joshua smote some of the Hittite kings (Joshua ix. 1; xii. 8; xxiv. 11); but there were survivors, among whom it is said that Israel dwelt, and with whom they formed alliances (Judges iii. 5). In the days of King David we find a Hittite among his mighty men, Uriah, the husband of Bathsheba. Possibly he may have been enrolled in the king's service in Hebron, during David's reign there of seven years, before the monarchy had been established in Jerusalem. The Hittites are mentioned as still existing down to the time of Ezra, after the captivity. It is therefore in the mountainous district near Hebron that we should look for relics of this people.

The Hivites follow naturally after the Hittites, as being like them allied with Esau by marriage. It was his marriage with a Hivite wife that seems to have led Esau to go and settle in Mount Seir, where the Hivites were in possession. We find from the Bible history that Esau's descendants, the Edomites, superseded the Hivites (or Horites) in Mount Seir. (Compare Genesis xxxvi. 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 20, 21, and Deut. ii. 22.) And this leads us to remark that Edom is spoken of as having dwelt in the clefts of the rock (*selah* in Hebrew, that is to say, Petra); but so are the Kenites. They are described by Balaam as putting their nest in the rock (*selah* again, or Petra). Now as in Abraham's list of the ten nations (Gen. xv.) the Kenite is mentioned, whereas that name occurs nowhere else (excepting in Balaam's prophecy) but in Genesis x., and in all the subsequent passages the Hivites are counted among those nations; and whereas we find the Hivites dwelling on the same spot (the rock) where Edom afterwards superseded them, we are inclined to identify the Hivites with the Kenites, and to look upon the passage in Balaam's prophecy as an important link between the name as in Genesis xv. and that given elsewhere.

We should therefore look for a remnant of the Hivites among the so-called Fellahheen still existing in Petra. The latter are a remarkable people, and totally distinct from all the Bedawy tribes that surround them. They moreover claim to be the rightful proprietors of the place, and insist upon

visitors paying dues to them for leave to inspect the ancient remains.

There were Hivites at Shechem also in the days of Jacob, but these were destroyed by Jacob's sons. In Joshua's days there were also Hivites occupying the Anti-Lebanon plain from Hermon to Hamath (see Joshua xi. 3; Judges iii. 3, 5), and the "land of Mizpeh," possibly the Safed district; Zaphath or Safed being a derivative from the same root as Mizpeh. There it is evident they existed in considerable force, and were not destroyed by Joshua. This people also is mentioned both in the days of Solomon and after the captivity. The main body would probably be found in the Cælo-Syrian plain, and in Upper Galilee.

But there was a colony much nearer to Jerusalem, occupying four cities, under the name of Gibeonites. These, trusting no doubt to the fact of the main body of their nation being known to occupy distant territory, imposed upon Joshua and the Israelites by a plausible tale of long travel from a far-off home to make their submission (Joshua ix.) A covenant being once made with them, it became unlawful for Israel to break faith with them or to kill them, as we see in the retribution that fell for their sakes upon Saul and his bloody house (2 Samuel xxi.) They were made hewers of wood and drawers of water, "given" (see margin Joshua ix. 27; 1 Chron. ix. 2; Ezra viii. 20) to the congregation for the altar of God, *i.e.*, for the Temple service. Hence they were called Nethinim (*i.e.*, given ones). They appear to have been amalgamated as a part of the commonwealth of Israel—they were carried into captivity with Israel, and returned with them into Jerusalem. Their assigned abode was in Ophel, near to the Temple mountain, and there they were in the days of Nehemiah, taking part, not only in the service of the altar, but in the rebuilding of the walls. This portion of the Hivite nation having so far shared the fortunes of Israel, *may* even have been with them driven out by the Romans. It is, therefore, neither in Jerusalem nor in Gibeon, but in Anti-Lebanon and in the Hermon and Safed country and in Petra, that we should look for the surviving relics of the Hivite nation.

The Amorites were among the most powerful of all the Canaanitish people. Indeed, sometimes their name is given as including all. "The iniquity of the Amorites" was not yet full in Abraham's day—and so elsewhere. Their head-quarters was at the south end of the Dead Sea (Numb. xxxiv. 4; Josh. xv. 3, compared with Judges i. 36), where one of their strongholds was Engeddi (Gen. xiv. 7; compare 2 Chron. xx. 2). Some of them were settled high up in the mountains (Judges i. 36).

Maure, Eshcol, and Aner, the confederates of Abraham when in the territory of Mamre in the plain, are called Amorites, whether as a distinctive name belonging to the Amorite nation, or whether as a general name for Canaanites, does not appear. It is, however, clear that the fact of Abraham professing and preaching the doctrine of the one true God did not prevent Mamre and his brothers from entertaining him in their territory during a long sojourn. Even the fact of his erecting on their land an altar to the one true God did not interrupt their friendship. We may reasonably suppose that, like Pharaoh and Ahimalech, these heathen chiefs had some knowledge and respect for the god whom Abraham worshipped and proclaimed.

According to Judges i. 34, there were Amorites in the western mountains too, on the borders of Dan, who must have been hard pressed between the Philistines and the Amorites. The most powerful Amorite kingdoms of all were on the east side of Jordan, under Sihon and Og, and these were destroyed by the Israelites and Moses. The relics of the nation must therefore be sought on the west of the Jordan. Here, near the ancient stronghold of that nation, Engeddi, and occupying the district west and north-west of the Dead Sea, we find a curious tribe of Arabs, a clan who differ from both Bedaween and Fellahheen, and are looked upon as something between both. They live in black tents, roam over the district, and observe Bedawee customs in most things; but they cultivate the ground, ploughing, sowing, and reaping as do the Fellahheen. They are about one thousand strong, and have numerous flocks and camels. Their name has a slight resemblance to that of the Amorites—Ta'amirah. It may be derived from the ancient name, but if so one radical guttural has been changed for another in a manner unusual, though not absolutely unknown. It is at any rate worth while to note the similarity here in a country where names are almost imperishable and cleave to the merest ruin and wreck of ancient grandeur. (In the same way the name of the Hhaweitât Arabs, a tribe located in the south, has always seemed as noteworthy from its radical similarity to the ancient name of the Hivites.)

It appears to us not improbable that the Amorite nation may have been broken into two fragments, the eastern and the western, by the Edomites advancing from the south, when, after Nebuchadnezzar's conquest, they took possession of the Hebron district. If the Ta'amirah represent the eastern section, we should look for the western fragment among the mountains between Hebron and the Sharon plain. The Fellahheen of this district are a rough, brutish people, difficult to govern, ever at feud with their neighbours. From among these people was the notorious chief Abderrahmân el Amer, who by murder and violence raised himself to the governorship of Hebron, and was for many years the terror of the district, a robber of all classes, and a rebel against government whenever it suited him. The nations now enumerated, Hittites, Hivites, and Amorites, occupied the whole country south of Jerusalem. That city was the capital of the Jebusites, finally conquered by King David. But like the Canaanites, Hivites, Hittites, and Amorites, the Jebusites still remained in the land, and we find them tributaries under Solomon and in unmolested occupation after the Babylonish captivity. It may perhaps be doubted whether any of this nation were suffered to remain in Jerusalem itself, whether in the upper or even in the lower city. But they probably continued to occupy their ancient villages. The valley of Hinnom was the southern boundary of Jebus (Josh. xv. 8; xviii. 16). North of this the villages near Jerusalem lie eastwards, and are Siloam, Bethany, a small one on Olivet Esawiye, and perhaps we may include Abou Dis. Their inhabitants are all Moslems. They are unlike the Fellahheen west of the city, and are in many respects inferior. They, however, are evidently an ancient race, and they occupy the ground where we should naturally look for the remnant of the Jebusites. From the Bible history we know that some at least of the Jebusite possessions lay on this eastern side;

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for it was here on Moriah that David found Ornan and his sons upon their threshing-floor at the time of the plague. We are not told at what period the Jebusites took possession of Jerusalem. The "king's dale" (Gen. xiv. 17; 2 Sam. xviii. 18) may have been the spot where the Jebusite king had his gardens at the foot of Ophel and Moriah, before David's conquest. Indeed there was no other well-watered spot fit for royal gardens in the district, and the husbandmen must always have found the village of Siloam a natural home, commanding a full bird's-eye view of the land which they had to cultivate, much as they do at the present day.

Going northwards, we come to the country occupied by the Perizzites, evidently a very powerful tribe, around Shechem in the Nabloos district (Gen. xxxiv. 30; Joshua xvii. 14-18). This is the territory called by Joshua "the mountain," which was "a wood," or "the wood country." The district called to this day "the mountain" (El Jebel) of Nabloos, is still well wooded. One of the largest villages in it is called Um el Fahhm, "Mother of Charcoal." The district dominates as it did in Joshua's time the lower country, the valleys or plains that surround it—Sharon on the west, Esdraelon on the north, and Jordan eastward near Bethshan. The inhabitants are warlike and strongly posted. Even Ephraim and Manasseh failed to drive them out during Joshua's life, and in the times of the Judges they still were powerful. In Solomon's day it needed the strength of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, to wrest from them Gezer, which he gave as a portion to his daughter, Solomon's queen, for whom Solomon fortified it. Here, entrenched among their native mountains, were those Canaanites who corrupted the ten tribes, and prepared them for openly accepting the calves of Jeroboam—the worship of Baal from Phœnicia and of other gods from Damascus.

After the return of Judah from Babylon, we still find the Perizzites in the land. To this day the inhabitants of the Nabloos district are the most powerful and turbulent of all the Syrian clans in Palestine. To this day they laugh in their mountain fastnesses at foreign rule, whether Egyptian or Turkish. Their physiognomy is repulsive, very different to that of all other Fellahh clans. They are heathenish in manners, and even amongst Fellahheen the inhabitants of the Jebel Nabloos, "the mountain," are a byword for their brutal ferocity. It is worthy of observation that in Joshua's day the three great mountain tribes—Perizzites, Jebusites, and Amorites, occupied the territory now known as Jebel Nabloos, Jebel Kuds, and Jebel Khalel, "the mountain" of Shechem, "the mountain" of Jerusalem, and "the mountain" of Hebron. It is remarkable that those districts and their respective rural populations should be to this day well marked and distinct from each other.

We have shown that in portions of these districts, that of Jerusalem and Hebron, other races—the Ammonite and Edomite—had the opportunity to establish themselves, these being just the portions of country whence the Jews must have cleared away most of the older Canaanites. The Ammonites may well have stepped into lands in the Jerusalem district which the few remaining Jebusites were too feeble to recover, and in Hebron the Edomites likewise found vacant territory whence Judah had expelled the Amorites.

In considering the possibility, if not probability,

that the five Canaanite nations (which Ezra mentions as still existing after the return from Babylon) still form the rural population of Palestine, we must take into account their numerical strength in ancient times. Ezra does not say what this was, but we know how many there were in the time of David and Solomon, when they were put under tribute and employed in the public works as bearers of burdens and stone-cutters (1 Chron. xxii. 2, and 2 Chron. ii. 2, 17, 18). The able-bodied men were at that time 153,600, exclusive of women and children. There must, therefore, have then been about three-quarters of a million of Canaanites in the land; that is to say, in that portion of the land under the control of David and Solomon. It is possible that the numbers may not have increased; they may have even diminished, and still there must have remained some hundreds of thousands in the land when the Jews returned from Babylon. Now, in our own day, after the lapse of ages, during which the chosen people have been exiled wanderers scattered from their promised inheritance, we find the land not indeed properly peopled, it is but scantily inhabited by a degraded remnant of earlier races, who are unable to tell us their own history. They are sunk in ignorance and barbarism, and only serve to keep wild beasts from overrunning the land, just as God at first spared the Canaanites from immediate destruction for the same purpose (Exodus xxiii. 29, 30). The Fellahheen of Palestine are at present dwindling in numbers, and are disappearing little by little from the land. There are perhaps altogether not more than a quarter of a million of them now existing.

We must not omit to notice the most northerly of the ten nations whose land was promised to Abraham—the Canaanites proper, descendants of Sidon, who occupied the kingdom of Phœnicia. This was the most civilised and the most wealthy of the ancient races; it exercised an influence upon the world that is felt and will be felt as long as the world lasts. With them David and Solomon made alliances. Into their royal family the kings of Israel married. Their glory outlived the glories of the kingdom of Samaria, and it needed all the power of the mightiest conqueror to lay them low. Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander the Great both humbled the Phœnician monarchy, yet Tyre and Sidon were still capitals of an important district down to the Christian era. Even now they are among the chief towns in Palestine.

Here as elsewhere we have no record that the nation was expelled *en masse*, and we expect to find a rural population at least in possession where their forefathers dwelt. There is in truth a body of Fellahheen occupying the Phœnician territory under circumstances very similar to the circumstances of the Fellahheen in other parts of Palestine.

Moslem in religion (though of a peculiar sect), heathen in habits, not idolaters, yet knowing little or nothing of the true God, full of superstitions, aboriginal in their character and attachment to the soil, it is difficult indeed to imagine them foreign immigrants, or indeed anything save the descendants of an ancient nation fallen into decay and degradation. Like the other Fellahh clans, or tribes, they speak Arabic, and call themselves Arabs, but they feel no patriotic attachment for Palestine as a whole. They know and care but little what passes in any other district than their own. No bond of union

whatever exists between them and the Fellahheen of other parts of the country. This want of national coherency is the strongest feature in the character of the population of Palestine. It is one of the strongest arguments in favour of these so-called Arabs being in reality the fragments of distinct and even hostile nations, broken up and separated from each other in remotest times, and existing side by side without fraternal relations or political ties. It is beside our purpose to speak now of the Cuthean settlers planted in the kingdom of Samaria by the Assyrian kings, though in them as existing at the present day we have another wonderful instance of a race which has survived, independent and distinct, among other races, neither mingling with nor confused among them, and this for a score of centuries. Our object has been to follow out the history of the aboriginal Canaanites, and to show that there is probability in favour of those nations having survived till our own times; and that the Arab Fellahheen are their relics and representatives, still existing on the very ground where the early races first settled themselves.

We hope afterwards to enter in some degree upon the manners and customs of the Fellahheen as being confirmatory of this view. Meanwhile the history of the Canaanites during the period of the Jewish kingdom affords remarkable proof that God's declaration was fulfilled—the children of Ham through Canaan were servants to their brethren of the house of Shem. We find, not that they were exterminated, but that they were reduced to tribute, made bond-servants, hewers of wood, drawers of water, cutters of stone, builders, and tillers of the soil (2 Chron. viii. 7–10).

The agricultural Fellahheen of the present day would most easily and naturally fall into the same position towards any nation of superior intelligence and cultivation who might enter into occupation of Palestine. Then would the waste places which the Fellahheen, by reason of their fowness, have left desolate, be built up again. When Israel and Judah shall be restored to the Holy Land of Promise, the "stranger shall stand and feed their flocks, the sons of the alien shall be their plowmen and vine-dressers" (Isaiah lxi. 4, 5).

These Fellahheen, or Canaanites, will easily and naturally serve them as their practised husbandmen, knowing soil and climate, and accustomed to labour of this kind. They will be needed by the newly-arrived population; their destruction would be not only unauthorised, but unwise on the part of the people of Israel. They speak a language not so unlike Hebrew as to offer any serious difficulty to the Jewish people in intercourse with them. We may trust that then their religious and intellectual condition will be cared for by the God-fearing sons of Abraham, who will no longer learn from the Canaanite the corruptions of idolatry. "In that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord" (Zech. xiv. 20) usurping the Temple courts on Moriah as his special Moslem sanctuary. But in that day all men shall know the Lord, from the least to the greatest. And the very bells on the horses (or mules, as now used by the Fellahh peasantry everywhere) shall be "Holiness to the Lord."*

* We are indebted for these interesting papers to Mrs. Finn, whose long residence in Palestine with her late husband, Mr. Consul Finn, gave her opportunities of study and observation rarely enjoyed. M. Ganneau has also recently alluded to the probability of the present Fellahheen being the descendants of the ancient Canaanites.



Far Away.

LIGHT of moonrise on a summer lawn,
Daisied, and gemmed with dew,
Across the west a line of glory drawn
Behind a dark, still yew.

No wind to stir the grasses, or to sweep
The scattered petals up,
Or spill the pearly nectar, lying deep
Within the lily's cup.

Crimson and pale, the roses side by side
Press cheek to cheek and sigh;
While overhead the swallows dart and glide
Through the pure lilac sky.

Ah, me! to-night let fancy have her sway;
Was not the light as sweet
In that old city, when the last red ray
Died in the quiet street?

When through the stillness of the languid air
The deep bell-voices spake,
Dropping their solemn notes like words of prayer
Our worldly dreams to break?

O tuneful bells! O city, far away,
Spire-crowned and grey, and worn!
Peace be within thine ancient walls, I pray,
At moonrise and at morn.

Black rocks, white cliffs, and miles of shell-strewn sand
Washed by the creamy surf,
Far-reaching moor, and pleasant meadow-land,
Fair slopes of thymy turf,

Come between me and that dear haunt of mine,
Loved as in days of yore.
What moons shall rise and set? What suns shall
shine,
Ere I go there once more?

Mine own familiar friend, whose voice still dwells
And echoes in my brain,
With tones more mellow than thy city's bells,
When shall we meet again?

When shall we take sweet counsel, pacing oft
Under those grey church-walls?
While the sun leaves them, and the light grows soft
Before the night-dew falls.

I work and wait;—and in my dreams I see
Those outstretched hands of thine;
Ah, I have learned how chill thy world would be
Without this love of mine!

I will be patient; yet my tears must flow;
(This stillness is not rest!)
My life is lone without thee, but I know
That God can make it blest.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

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